

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 120

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: AUGUST 10, 1912

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

His path is up Life's dizzy steep,
And, oh, his world-worn feet are sore!
He treads the brink of chasms deep,
Where Death's wild torrents foam and roar.

And while he climbs Night spreads a pall
Dread o'er the rugged, rock-strewn way,
And shades of gloom for ever fall—
Where is no light, where is no day.

Bloodhounds of Wrong bay on his track,
Gaunt wolves of Want glide through the gloom,
The traitor's dagger seeks his back—
Behind is Death; in front, the Tomb.

The gibbet marks the way for him,
And far the frowning dungeon throws,
Athwart the dark its blackness grim,
To speak the triumph of his foes.

Titanic storms burst through the night,
Worldwinds sweep down the Time-worn ways,
The tall trees moan in wild affright,
And Superstition shrieks—and prays.

But past the gloom, and past the night,
Past chasms dread, and rock cliffs drear,
He sees the gleam of Hope's faint light,
He dreams that Freedom's dawn is near.

And high above Life's storm his song
Re-echoes all the death swept way;
He hurls defiance at the Wrong,
And climbs the hills to meet the Day.

Christchurch, 1912.

The Passing Show.

The Anti-Socialist who contends that he is
not a slave, generally has to beg another
man to give him a job.

The quacks of Capitalism say that Social-
ism is infectious. They are hunting hard
for a remedy now.

Many reforms are proposed as a remedy for
Socialism, all more or less amusing. Very
amusing, too, are some of the proposals to
popularise Capitalism.

To stop the growth of Socialism con-
scription has been introduced, and about
60,000 boys are to be prosecuted to popu-
larise capitalism.

The Federal Labor Government has or-
dered four flying machines for the training
of military officers in aviation. A school
for the training of officers is to be estab-
lished. For the official class, aeroplanes and
big salaries; for the working class, conscrip-
tion, fines and imprisonment.

The Federal Labor Government has, dur-
ing its two years of office, made 159 ap-
pointments, involving in each instance a sal-
ary of over £300 a year. Of these, nine
appointments carried salaries of £1000 and
over, one carried £900, nine £800 and over,
eleven £700 and over, fourteen £600 and
over, and twenty-two £500 and over.

Someone should ask how many of the above
appointments were made under the Con-
scription Act?

The Federal Government's Conscript sys-
tem is to cost £2,573,094 next financial year.
Add this to the fines inflicted on the boys
and the system will cost a good deal more
to the people.

If the Conscription Act was passed to stop
the growth of Socialism and assist Capitalism
it was a futility, for it is having the opposite
effect. It is damming Capitalism, and popu-
larising Socialism.

The Federal Government proposes to give
a bonus of £5 for each baby born. If a boy,
the baby will be fined £5 when he is four-
teen if he refuses to drill as a Conscript.
The Labor Government, like all others, gives
something with one hand and takes it back
with the other.



"Thy slain men are not slain with the sword, nor dead battle.—Isaiah 22.2.

Not slain with the sword,
But smitten down
In the shameless shambles of Peace
Where the underground pick,
The busy din,
And the pulsing fires ne'er cease.

Caught in the belts
And the ponderous wheels
Because of their pitiful need,

And, one by one,
Father and Son,
Slain on the altars of Greed.

Maidens and Mothers,
Children and Men,
Mangled and maimed by the score,
And the Alta-fires
Are hardly a-light—
And the High-Priest calls for More.

The Coming Nation—

Mr. Crawford, a member of N.S.W. Par-
liament, asserted in the Assembly last week,
that 50 or 60 boys in his electorate would
have to go to gaol under the Conscription
Act, as they were unable to pay the £5 fine and costs.

If the labor of farmers and other working
people does not tend to make them better off,
while it enriches others, in what way are they
different from the serfs and slaves of long
ago?

The poor, honest, hardworking farmer,
like other workmen, is known by the calluses
on his hands and the patches on his pants.
Most of the delegates to the Farmers' and
Settlers' Conference were noted for their
soiled hands and portly forms.

What sort of a society is this? asked
Victor Hugo, in his day. Our Society has in-
justice for its basis. It is only fit to be kicked
out—its banquet tables, its orgies, its de-
baucheries, its scoundrelism, together with
all those who are seated leaning on both
elbows and enjoying it on the backs of others
whom they keep down on all fours. The
hell of the poor is the paradise the rich
love to solace themselves in.

Wealth producers are not wealthy under
the present system. Can any opponent of
Socialism explain why?

The Capitalists blame us for preaching
discontent, but if we said nothing discontent
would still grow. Discontent is the result
of social evolution, and the Capitalists of
today can no more hinder the process of
social evolution, with its resulting march of
ideas, than they can intercept gravitation or
divert the tides. They are being blindly
driven to their fate by social forces which
are beyond their control. They are in the
midst of social powers which mock their puny
efforts to administer. Paradox arises on
paradox, and contradictions spring up which
cannot continue. As soon as a Capitalist
country is overstocked with wealth, poverty
stalks abroad.

The history of the past is a record of crime.
The history of the present, as recorded in
the newspapers, is a sting of political intrigue
and industrial theft.

We like to see the master class lying about
Socialism. It is well that they can only
lie about it. If they could tell us anything
true against it we might fear for it. As it
is they have no case.

Liberty for individual action can only
come to all through social co-operation. This
fact is usually lost sight of by sticklers for
the present system.

The money that enables some to enjoy
themselves is taken from people who are be-
ing made miserable by being deprived of it.
The present system is based on that sort of
thing: Socialism would end it.

One difference between direct action and
political action is this. You may vote once
every few years for some political represen-
tative, but you can work for industrial ac-
tion and Socialism every one of the 365 days
of each year.

Someone once told Lincoln that the day of
judgment was at hand, and he replied:
"What alarms me more than the day of
judgment is the day of no judgment." This
was a thrust at the present system. It is
the absence of judgment that is injuring
things.

When the death of the Mikado was an-
nounced, Mr. Fisher, Labor Prime Minis-
ter, hastened to cable a "message of sym-
pathy with the Japanese nation in the loss
they have sustained through the death of
their beloved Mikado." Mr. Deakin went
one better. He said: "I am perfectly cer-
tain that this Parliament, and the Common-
wealth as a whole, will countersign that
cablegram in sincere sympathy with the
loyal, gallant, and gifted people who have
sustained so severe a loss." How these
politicians compete against each other! All
that fuss is to show the Capitalists that they
are loyal to its figureheads everywhere.

Dr. Chapman told a large meeting of men
in Sydney Town Hall recently, that the
mission came to Australia without making
one single penny of demand upon any com-
mittee in any city or town in any part of
Australasia. They came saying, "You
raise your money to pay your own local ex-

penses first, and if, after every expense is
paid, you desire, if there should be anything
left in your treasury, to give something for
our work, we will be glad to receive it." How
nicely the worthy Doctor puts it. It
wouldn't sound half so well, if he had said
"We expect to receive all over expenses."

Recent happenings in Britain resemble
very much those that preceded the French
Revolution of 1789-1793. In his work,
"The Great French Revolution," Kropot-
kin says: "On the other hand, long before
1789, France had already entered upon an
insurrectionary period. The accession of
Louis XVI. to the throne, in 1774, was the
signal for a whole series of hunger riots.
These lasted up to 1783; and then came a
period of comparative quiet. But after
1786, and still more after 1788, the peasant
insurrections broke out again with renewed
vigor. Famine had been the chief source
of the earlier disturbances, and the lack of
bread always remained one of the principal
causes of the risings. In this way
the disaggregation of the body social came
about." It almost looks as if Britain has
entered upon a similar insurrectionary
period, when we read of the fighting round
the various docks in London.

For months past this paper has been warn-
ing the boys and their parents of what they
might expect under the Act. Our warnings
were in vain, but now many are saying that
the Socialists were right, and are asking
"What's to be done?"

Well we can do no more than we have
done. We have risked jail for giving the
public advice, and have had our conduct
brought before Parliament on several oc-
casions for criticising the Act and its admini-
strators. It is up to the people to take
action themselves.

Let the parents of all boys summoned in
any district meet together before the cases
come before the magistrate, and decide upon
united action. Let them decide either to
pay the fines or refuse to pay them, and
stand together. If they refuse to pay the
fines, let all the boys go to jail together. If
50 or 60 boys in each district went to jail,
the jails would not be large enough to hold
them. An outcry would be raised against
the Act, and it would go down before the
will of the people.

Unless the people kick the Conscription
Act off the Statute Book, the ruling class
will think they are content to grin and
bear it. They will continue to put the
screw on and enforce its drastic provisions.
But the people must kick unitedly. It is
useless for one or two to do so.

Work and worry are the inheritance of
the toiler. But why he persists in voting
for politicians who increase his work and
worry is hard to understand. Socialism
proposes that he should divide his work with
the parasites, and thus get rid of most of his
worry.

Two classes are satisfied with the present
system—those who live well off other peo-
ple's toil, and those who are too ignorant to
know that they are being robbed. Every
worker should ask himself whether or not
he belongs to either of these classes.

This paper has more enemies than any
other paper in the Commonwealth. Priests,
parsons, politicians, and patriots, are dead
against us. Why? Because we tell them
the truth. There is nothing so distasteful
to the barrackers for Capitalism as the
truth. It stings like a scorpion and bit-
eth like a bull ant.

There are 2000 editors in Russian jails for
trying to free the people from plutocracy—
for telling the truth. There are many edi-
tors in Australia who would like the pub-
lishers of this paper jailed for doing the
same thing.

The International Socialist

Journal of Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Owned and controlled by the International Socialists.

Subscription: Australia, 1s per year, 1s per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

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O. W. JORGENSEN, Manager.

Office: 115 GOULBURN STREET, SYDNEY.

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THE CLASS WAR.

From age to age the page of history scan,
And see the sordid strife of "Godlike" man:
One class producing all, yet sunk in woe;
Another grasping all, its brutal foe.

The Mikado's Death.

The Emperor of Japan is dead. For the past week or two successive bulletins have been flying round the world announcing the approach of death, and the excitement worked up by the monarchist press of every country was, as "Truthful James" would say, "most beautiful to see." As soon as it was known that he was really dead, every other crowned person and "Jack-in-office" rushed to cable condolences and sympathy to the nation which was thus suddenly plunged into mourning at the loss of its Emperor-deity. Of course, no other nation but Japan believes that the Mikado was anything but an ordinary man, but it suits every capitalistic loyalist to pretend to believe that something extraordinary has happened, and that some great loss has befallen Japanese people. To make as much fuss as possible over the death of a monarch is all part of the game of "gull-em and fleeced-em." Every capitalist exploiter uncovers his head and weeps, tongue in cheek, as an example to the workers, and the latter often feel sorry that they cannot feel the grief he feels. It seems so shocking. The world is full of woe for the rich exploiter. Just when he had got over his grief for the death of Victoria, Edward, Leopold, and others, here the Mikado goes and dies. Even ex-Senator Pulsford weeps. But just as there is a silver lining to the darkness of every exploiters' pocket, so is there an element of instruction in the after-circumstances of the death of the Mikado. In Japan, for instance, crowds, we are told, surrounded the palace, where priests from the shrines and temples erected make-shift altars, and led the people in prayer and exhortation. Hundreds of people, bearing lanterns, knelt with their heads touching the ground, while thousands of others stood bare-headed outside the crowd. In this we see that the influence of the Shinto priest is exerted in a similar way to that of his Christian brother. There's a great deal of mysterious "fee-fu-fum" used on such occasions by the priests of both religions. But while their ceremonies may slightly differ, the priests of both religions support the oppressor and the tyrant every time.

The late emperor, according to all accounts, seems to have been a very surly-looking individual, with features expressive of the utmost indifference and contempt of people and things around him. When he was out in his carriage, he looked neither to the right nor left, but invariably sat with downcast eyes and expressionless visage. For all the crowds in the street knew, he might have been a dummy. After the war with Russia, he gave an audience to some of his admirals, who were alleged to have covered themselves with glory in his service. He did not even look at them. As to speaking to, or thank-

ing them, or expressing satisfaction at seeing them alive after the war, such an idea never occurred to him. He was deified by his people, and as is usual with deities, he simply sat still and did nothing, while the snobs and nobles slobbered around him. Perhaps he took himself seriously and believed in his own divinity, but there is just a possibility that he had sense enough to despise the whole army of toadies that constantly deafened and sickened him with expressions of loyalty and toadyism. It is possible but highly improbable that he was a man of sense. His upbringing and associations were against its probability. He was most likely what he appeared—a figurehead of the system of modern exploitation, a capitalistic joss, law-giver, witch-doctor, and heavenly thunderer. It was as such that he signed the warrant for the murder of Kotoku and his brave comrades, an act that only a tool of the exploiting class could perpetrate. We know he was only a figurehead, a sort of capitalistic bogey-man and joss set up for public worship, but he could with his influence, have saved his country the disgrace of murdering Socialists. Of course he would have needed strength of will to do this in face of the wild outcry for blood raised by the interested press and its masters; and the quality of strength is not as a rule with the modern monarch, whose function is to look the character he is supposed to act. In spite of all the adulation and sham mourning, there is little lost in the death of the Mikado.

Waihi to Christchurch.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

MONDAY, July 8, was a day to be remembered in Waihi. A week earlier four anti-conscripts had been dragged off to the jail at the Thames to serve seven-days' sentences inflicted for refusing service. The Socialist Party organised a demonstration to welcome them home, and to protest against the principle of compulsory militarism. Six hundred people assembled at the railway, and a great cheer rent the air when the train puffed into the station, and the lads stepped on to the platform. A band of 12 instruments played, red banners waved [one of them bearing the words "No drill!"], and the men and women marched the long mile from the railway to the main street. They sang the Red Flag and "No conscript oath for me." Splendid resolutions were carried unanimously by a great crowd that stood for two hours in the open on a bitterly cold night. The speakers were: H. Kennedy [Anti-Militarist League], W. E. Parry [Miners' Union], J. B. King [I.W.W.], Rev. Brown-Guzner [Primitive Methodists], Rev. Fee [Wesleyan], C. Smith [Waihi Socialist Party], and H. E. Holland [A.S.P.]. The Church of England parson threatened to come along and denounce the promoters of the meeting for their disloyalty; but he didn't materialise.

On July 9, I left Waihi, and got stranded at Paeroa for want of a train. Trains run anyhow in this country. On July 10, got as far as Tamarunui, on the fringe of the King Country. It was in the King Country that Te Kooti maintained his historical rebellion against the Government. From this place onward, the train climbs the hills till an elevation of nearly 3000 feet is reached, and then the run is downhill to Wellington, which rests 13 feet above sea level, with suburbs resting on the slopes and summits of the magnificent hills that surround the city proper.

A portion of the trip from Tamarunui was through great hills covered with dense forest growth, dipping

down here and there where little foaming torrents rushed through the depths of mighty chasms. Later, the snow-clad mountains rose to the left; and later still the roadway ran through hills that looked as if they had been tumbled together in picturesque confusion on a far-off day, with a recklessness for results. Nearing Wellington, the sea stretched away on the right, and a multitude of tunnels through the rock-built hearts of the everlasting hills remained to be negotiated. And, at last, Thornton station—and Ross, and Freeman, and Hogg and others.

At night, at the Socialist Hall, I had the pleasure of meeting a number of comrades. A concert was afoot, and among those who had helped to fill the program items was a member of the S.L.P. Which is as it ought to be.

I was billed to speak next day, under Federation of Labor auspices, on the Waihi strike. The meeting was to be held at midday near the waterside. But when Friday came Wellington was enveloped in a mist of rain, and the wind howled and roared through the streets in a way that quite settled the question of any outdoor meeting. At 3 o'clock, with secretary Farland, of the Watersiders' Union, and R. S. Ross, I went to the Harbor Board's buildings—where the watersiders meet on sufferance—and we soon had a meeting going for the purpose of explaining matters re money collected from the Wellington men and sent to the wife of a scab at Waihi. The collection had been made by one or two Arbitration Court advocates, without the knowledge of the union, and the dailies had placed it on record that the union had sent it. My business was to tell the waterside men that the sending of that money was a scab action; and those who listened, with one exception, agreed that it was. The exception was one of the men who had taken the collection, and he kept up a running fire of interjections. His interjections were resented; and the meeting was brought to an abrupt termination by the interrupter and one of the unionists stepping out to the middle of the floor, the quick formation of a "ring," the appearance of a self-constituted referee, and a wild and whirling slogging match, in which great energy was expended and mighty blows flung hard and often on the unoffending atmosphere. The caretaker danced around in an effort to stop the proceedings, and failing, went off for the police. By the time the fragment of law and order arrived the combatants had gone. Then the caretaker orated at the policeman for never being where he was wanted. I asked a watersider if they often settled their arguments in that way, and he replied: "Oh, no! This is only the second scrap we've had to-day."

A repudiation of the scab contribution will go from the union to the press.

On July 12 I left Wellington for Christchurch, travelling on the s.s. Maori. There was a boat-load of soldiers, and five of them (Territorials) were in my cabin! The trip was rough, and a fog enveloped the land when we came ashore at Lyttleton on Saturday morning. From Lyttleton to Christchurch is only about 8 miles—nearly two if it through a great tunnel. At Christchurch I was met by F. R. Cooke, and later, at the Party rooms, came in contact with many of those whose names are known to Australia. At night, an interesting experience came along. I was chatting in the S.P. office with some comrades, when a squad of Passive Resisters marched in, gave me an enthusiastic welcome to Christchurch—emphasized with a fusillade of cheers, and, after a chat about the anti-militarist fight, finished up by

singing "Hurrah! No conscript oath for me!" And they *can* sing, those Passive Resisters of Christchurch. Most of them, I found, had been in jail, and among them was the lad who told the magistrate he'd see him freeze in hell before he'd take the oath. They are a splendid crowd of boys—their ages ranging apparently from 14 to 20 years of age; and the crime of jailing them for their honesty and loyalty to high principle is an outrage too stupendous to be described in words.

The anti-militarist movement here is splendidly organised, by the boys themselves. They use stickers and circulars and leaflets. They attend the drill halls and endeavor to persuade other conscripts to refuse drill. They organise meetings, and generally carry on a fearless propaganda that reflects the greatest credit, and that might well fire older people to greater determination.

At Christchurch the Socialist Party seems to be in a healthy position; and those who are responsible for executive work know how to do things. Their methods of advertising my meetings—and those of other speakers—have been most effective. They make liberal use of the sticker; and the present campaign is proclaimed on a hundred unwilling shop windows. "Holland is coming!" is one little sticker they have put out; and in one case an enthusiastic worker had planted it securely in the centre of the plate-glass window of a big motor garage. The motor people didn't tear it off or deface it. They just planked underneath: "To purchase a Premier." A "Premier" represents one of the most expensive cars.

The I.W.W. also seems to be making headway here. A meeting was to be held on Saturday night, but the fog that came with the morning was all there when night arrived, and the meeting had to be abandoned.

The General Laborers here have carried two resolutions that are worth preserving. Some Labor Party laborers at Auckland are forming a scab union, and they wrote to the Christchurch body for certain information. Professor Mills also wrote to them re support for the Wellington capitalist *Times*. To the Auckland scab laborers' Arbitration "Union" the reply was:

"Yours to hand re conditions under which we are working. I have been instructed to reply and ask you would you kindly send the names and addresses and photographs if possible of each of your members so that should we meet them in Hell we can avoid them, having no time for blacklegs either dead or alive."

And to Professor Mills this message was conveyed:

"Your circular letter of 24th June to hand, re N.Z. *Times*, etc., and I have been instructed to inform you that we are more than nine days old, consequently our eyes are open. We absolutely refuse to be put up by auction and sold to the highest bidder, no matter who the auctioneer is. We want nothing to do with any individual who advocates starving the workers so as to force them under the heel of the capitalist class. —Yours faithfully, A. PATERSON, general secretary."

On Sunday afternoon a largely-attended open-air meeting was held in Cathedral Square, and another at night at 7. The King's Theatre had a great audience at 8, when the subject was "Conscription in Australia and New Zealand." On the platform were a large number of Passive Resisters—most of whom had been in jail. They sang "No conscript oath for me," and the great audience cheered again and again the Socialist message of resistance and denunciation.

In a duly ordered community everybody would do what he could do best, and therefore easiest and with most pleasure.—WM. MORRIS.

The Class War.

BY A. JAMES.

THE dockers have money for only three months' food supply. The worker strikes and goes short; the capitalist lives well until the union funds are eaten up and the worker is driven back to work, on the verge of starvation. We must learn to strike on the job. When the Sydney wharf-laborers struck on the job last October, men were employed who otherwise had been idle. Striking on the job means doing anything—less work; knocking off at five instead of six, to reduce hours, damage a machine "accidentally," so that you will spend two hours repairing it. Strike when the boss is busy and can't hit back. Strike altogether.

The London dockers unanimously rejected the manifesto of the strike committee, which advised a return to work. Moses led the Israelites out of slavery, but to-day he is not required. When every man thinks for himself and follows no leader we will have true solidarity. Leaders bring unity and weakness, democracy is for unity and strength. In the three great English strikes—transport workers, miners, and dockers—the men have shown great self-reliance, so that seab committees have been treated with contempt. Let the English unionists learn to strike on the job, and the fight is theirs.

English Labor politicians follow their Australian brothers in opposing revolutionary unionism. Labor politicians are pimples on the face of the working class and obstruct. The union has its birth on the job, it is organic therefore powerful. Unionism can starve the idle rich and give the workers plenty; it can replace rugs with clothing and make an ugly city beautiful. It can promote justice and destroy capitalism, but it can do little until it cures its face of political scabs and pimples.

Says Senator Pearce: "When the shells are dropping among them (the conscriptionists) they may come to realise that military training is more important than cricket and football." It is their own fault if shells drop among them, if the boys refused to train, they need never fight. Well might we expect Senator Pearce and his wealthy friends to rush to the firing line, and face galling guns spitting three thousand bullets a minute; but why should the workers defend for the robber class that wealth that is stolen from labor.

Prices are still rising. Mutton costs 20 per cent more than it did a month ago. No means have been found for regulating prices, and in our opinion never will under capitalism. But high prices do not injure the wage-worker if his wages rise with other goods. If the butcher, grocer, or baker can get more for what he sells, why cannot we get a higher price for our labor power, the only thing we have to sell. As prices rise we must force up wages. Unless we are organised this cannot be done. See that your union is a fighting organisation.

Mr. Roosevelt has launched his third party in Michigan. Taft stands for the big capitalists, Wilson for the little capitalists, Roosevelt thinks only of Roosevelt, Czar of America. None of them care for the working class, save to bleed its members. The workers should not vote for parasitic leeches, but for themselves.

This year Senator Pearce has prosecuted twenty thousand boys under the Conscription Act. Labor man Holman has made a start with his Coercion Act by prosecuting sixty-seven wharf laborers for going on strike. The coming slavery is not Socialism, it is the Labor Party.

Lord Morley says, "The duty of the press is to minimise international suspicions." Scarcely right, Lord John. The duty of the press under capitalism is to fight for or against legalised robbery; of yours to fight for it, of ours to resist. The press is our strongest weapon against oppression. Push THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Fisher's financial budget provides for the baby bonus, so that many children shall be reared for industrial slaughter and the doctor shall not lose his fee; for a new warship to guard the commercial interests of the wealthy; for loans to settlers in the Northern Territory, to create an army of small capitalists as a buffer against aggressive unionism; for drill halls and pay (?) for conscription victims; for the working class coercion, fines and jail.

In West Virginia, U.S.A., a fatal battle has been fought between detectives and striking miners, followed by continuous clashes between the militia and strikers. This is due to the greater intensity of the class struggle in America than in Australia; but soon conditions will be the same here. The only way to avoid bloodshed in the conflicts which must come, is for us to organise strongly now. If we remain unorganised we are liable to be starved, brutalised, or shot down. But if we are strongly organised we will hold the key to the situation and will change this system of labor exploitation to one of justice.

Public Safety and the Press.

BY J. BLUMENTHAL.

WITH the institution of compulsory training has been strengthened a factor in Australia that can make or avoid wars at will. It is in truth bad enough when a nation accepts the gyves of political and national liberty and glorifies the profession of the soldier, but this apparently innocent activity is immediately turned into a tremendous danger when there is a press at their disposal prepared to write up every infamy that may tend to the glorification of military over civil life.

The danger however is not confined to military preparations, but the enormous influence the press can wield is an added danger so tremendous that its appalling significance can scarcely be realised. The press has been known to foment wars when a certain class which owns the Fourth Estate, conceives that they can obtain some material benefit thereby, and to maintain and prolong the war against a brave and honorable enemy, use every artifice and infamy that can blacken the character of an opponent, and empty the whole armoury of vituperation and slander with the inglorious purpose of prolonging the unjustifiable war. Every skirmish is a Waterloo; every battle a conquest; every soldier a Leonidas, and every general a demi-god unequalled in the world's history. After the journalistic brain-storm has died down with the sere of age, the people can see, too late, the true character of their malignant opponents, and the full extent to which they have been the prey of a predatory press.

These journalistic-made national hysterics are not unknown to Australia. But greater ones are in preparation, and the Labor Party's Defence Act is shaping and forging a hiring press and consequently a perverted public opinion, that will deliberately manufacture its enemy and foment a quarrel with its hypothetical invader under the plea of the intellectual illiterate, of "defending our country."

Practically speaking the present patriotic lunacy was inaugurated under the aegis of a powerful literary publication—the *Bulletin*. Twenty years ago that paper was regarded as an obscure publication and was shunned by all respectable people. One old Scotchman once told me that on a good many occasions he had to put the *Bulletin* in the fire with a pair of tongs. Some 12 or 15 years ago it developed out of its swaddling clothes of cultured bestiality and obscenity and gravitated into the natural element of these dust-bins of journalism—patriotism and politics. In pursuance of a certain policy, it deliberately set out to prove by anything but logic, that this country was the objective of the growing naval and military power of Japan.

According to this authority Japan would come, slaughter the inhabitants, outrage the women, fry the remainder on specially-prepared silver grills and hitch Cape York by a few Manila lawwers to some powerful steam tugs and haul Australia to Japan's back yard. Now all this taradiddle was seriously put forward as something not only capable of accomplishment, but according to the divinely-inspired *Bulletin* writer (whose main theme in public and private life are the tangible advantages accruing to the imbibing of Australian beer) was actually going to occur unless we had an armed nation prepared to give the naughty Japanese a straight left hook and a dirty right in the wind if occasion demanded it. It adopted the usual armoury of journalistic vandalism: misrepresentation, abuse, vilification, misconstruction, etc. It was enabled to eventually force its opinion Australian journalism generally, but the Labor press in particular. To such an extent is this bogey-daring the not-too-bright minds of Labor journalists that the Sydney *Worker* recently saw a terrible danger to Australia in a few Japanese students attending the Sydney sheep show!

The article mentioned something about fools, but if the writer had any sense of humor he would have excluded that reference to the Ass's cousin. Foolishness says: "But when it comes to furnishing such education to members of a race that are naturally our bitter rivals, to put it mildly—units of a power whom the bulk of Australians distrust—it is a mighty peculiar position." And all this hysterical nonsense because Japanese students saw Australian sheep being handled! The *Worker*, which is only a shoddy imitation of the *Bulletin*, makes the statement we have placed in italics, that it has never proved, or is capable of proving. Further: "We are . . . giving their young men information that would be most useful should they come into possession of this country."

Now the Socialist Party has a standing invitation to jingo papers of the *Worker* stamp to prove that dangerous statement. The mere assertion proves nothing. There is scarcely need to say that the *Worker* will never substantiate that criminal libel. But the continual reiteration of these deliberate and premeditated falsehoods and slanders will have the effect aimed at of bringing two nations to mortal combat. It is criminal to libel a person, but glorious to slander a nation! Onward Labor party democracy!

I am beginning to change my opinion on

signed journalism after viewing these childish muck-rate attempts to create prejudice. It would open the eyes of the public for instance, if articles that appeared sound and sane in a well-known journal were signed by the proprietor—say, Frederick Timothy Julius McTaggart, who is well-known in private life to be a wife-beater, a holder of shares in a Japanese company, and a ten times rejected political candidate. Some true relation between his patriotic warnings and his actual knowledge and interest in the question will be obtained, and in that event newspaper-made bogeys will receive short shrift.

The *Sunday Times* a few weeks back interviewed Mr. E. W. Foxall, English secretary to the Japanese Consulate-General, and some of his trenchant and pointed remarks are well worth republishing. Mr. Foxall, who understands his subject and is above prejudice, says: "I hold the opinion that the scars sought to be raised from time to time about the designs of Japan upon Australia, are unpardonably ignorant and mischievous. I maintain, first, that those who accuse Japan of designs upon Australia can point to no responsible man in Japan who has ever said anything which could be tortured into a hint of the kind. Secondly, that every public utterance of Japanese statesmen or responsible men upon this matter has been in direct repudiation of anything of the sort."

He further states that every prognostication of principal Australian scare-mongers has been disproved by later events, but it has had no effect on their marvellous gift of prophecy, and they continue to foretell the future with as much hide as ever. The following incidence will be well appreciated by readers who know the notoriety the person referred to has obtained: "In September, 1906, Dr. Richard Arthur wrote as follows: 'In less than nine years (that is, in 1915) it is unlikely that the compact will be renewed. Japan will have nothing to gain by doing so, as she will find it more profitable to deal with an awakened China.' How is that for prophecy, considering that only one year ago the Alliance was extended till 1921?" As Mr. Foxall knows Japan far better than those who declaim against her here, the following is interesting: "There is no pressure upon the Japanese Government from its proletariat urging it on to war." In referring to the downfall of Britain by a European power and the waging of successful war against Britain by Japan, Mr. Foxall says: "The man who can show a colorably decent reason for anticipating the eventuation of any of these contingencies has not yet appeared."

The above statement is a challenge to every patriotic boor, political and journalistic, in Australia, and it is scarcely necessary to state that no person in Australia from the Prime Minister downwards, has ever given a "colorably decent reason" for the infliction of the financial and moral burden of militarism.

To "defend" ourselves in proportion to the population of our hypothetical newspaper enemy, will entail a cost that will even make militarists quail. Reckon out the cost of "defence" for 5,000,000 people to over 10,000,000. It would have paid better to devote the money wasted on military activities, to bringing about friendly relations with our penny-in-the-slot enemies; it would be much cheaper and far more effective.

To save ourselves from waging a needless, foolish, and criminal war against the vagaries of the disordered minds of journalists, it is absolutely essential for our national safety and peace of mind that compulsory military service be immediately abolished. There is no necessity for its existence. It doesn't develop the physique of the youngsters worth mentioning because it rejects those who require it, and compels those who don't require it to over-tax their growing strength. But above all it has brought into existence and continues to maintain a press, who voice the aspirations of this insignificant minority of parasites, and would preach up every vile passion and ignoble motive that it is the duty of the Fourth Estate to destroy.

A Caution to Militarists.

COMRADE HEWISON has sent the following to the area officer of his district:

CAUTION.

Sir,—I hereby warn you against administering the damnable military oath in respect of my son, Albert Walter Danela Hewison, who was registered under protest for training in compulsory military murder some time ago under the so-called Labor Party's devilish Conscription Act. In view of my objections lodged against military training, I claim that the administration of such oath will be in my boy's case an illegal act, and I will prosecute herein if need be.

I also intend to charge rent for record-books, uniforms, arms, and other military rubbish, which may be thrown into my backyard if not paid.

Yours for the Social Revolution and universal strike.

F. E. S. HEWISON.

Clevedon-road, Hurstville.

The Chapman-Alexander Mission.

BY W. C. A.

I HAVE been to hear the "fishers of men." May I describe the experience? On entering the hall I was given a sheet headed "The Weekly Greeting," which told how the last Sunday afternoon's service was described by the Missioner as "the most remarkable service I have ever conducted."

It is passing strange how visitors to this city always find the folk the most appreciative and responsive they ever set eyes on. My only comment is "Well, well, well."

The "Greeting" further weakly described how "men turned white as they listened, and when the closing appeal was made, stalwart men trembling with emotion, rushed to the Conference Hall, there to be dealt with by the Missioner and the personal workers." This reads like a smallpox scare, but as things promised to be interesting I went on and took a seat near the platform so as to pierce the aura that surrounds it.

After a while the great soothsayer and singer came on, and the latter in his fascinating American way, coaxed, tickled, or otherwise hypnotised the audience. Then the mis(zion)er took charge and diffused the old, old wine from the very old bottles—salvation by faith, interspersing his wild statements with dramatic action that was certainly effective.

Now, as one goes through the streets of our cities, one sees churches, cheek by jowl with places of amusement, the ones never open at the same time as the others, as if mutual consent to allow each other a clear field, though the ones have six times the innings of the others.

As the Mission is conducted all the week the suggestion is borne out that it is in the same class as the others. America, too, is famous for its showmen.

My quarrel with Dr. Chapman is that he preaches what I read as the gospel of laissez-faire. Get converted (or convicted, as he puts it in his curious way) and all these things (heaven and a few other odd things) shall be added unto you. He says in effect, "It is never too late to mend."

How much longer will this kind of stuff continue to impose upon people. It is not salvation I object to; Dr. Chapman doesn't preach enough of it. His appeal is very much out-of-date and cannot stand for a moment beside the modern, powerful, philosophic message that "if you stop being saved for ten minutes you are damned," saving grace being here interpreted as "serving grace."

I protest against and oppose the presentation of Judaism, the cowardly appeal to fear, the sentiment of every man for himself in spiritual matters. The men of God have not the grace to add as the Hugonots did, "Heaven for us all," though it matters not, as we have it on the word of a poet that "Hell is a city much like Seville."

Finally, Pecksniff is dying; let him die. And as the great German said before he too went his way: "God will forgive us. It is his trade."

"Downward."

ANOTHER Socialist paper born. On July 1st *Downward* was issued at Perth, W.A., by the Westralian Socialists. M. O'Dowd is editor, and the paper has for its slogan "Socialism in our time." As yet the paper is only quarto 4 pp. but it will grow if it keeps up to the standard of the first issue, which is well written and finely designed and printed. The editor's address is 286 William Street, Perth, to whom all communications should be addressed. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST greets the newcomer and wishes it every success.

A "Curious Incident"

THE following is taken from the *Federal Independent*, though there is nothing very curious in the fact that an Atheist had more bibles around him than the Christians in the building. The Atheist usually searches the scriptures more diligently than his Christian brother does.

"A dispute as to a certain text recently arose in a well-known Liverpool office. Presbyterians, Anglicans, Baptists, a Wesleyan, a Calvinistic Methodist, and a Roman Catholic were all parties to the dispute, but not one could produce a Bible, though a prolonged search resulted in the discovery of a Book of Common Prayer and a volume of Watt's hymns. At last application was made to the lift attendant, who instantly produced two copies of the Scriptures, one in the authorised version and the other in the revised. The curious part of the incident is that the lift attendant is a professed atheist, a reader of the *Freethinker*, and a warm admirer of Mr. Robert Blatchford."

The Socialist Movement demands men and women imbued with the fighting spirit. Meekness never gained anything. But fighting, sincere and firm-rooted in correct principles and tactics, accomplishes all things.

Industrial Workers of the World.



(ORGANISED 1905.)
 Australian Administration: E. Moyle, general sec.-treasurer, Socialist Hall, Wakefield-street, Adelaide.
 Sydney Local: Geo. G. Reeve, sec.-treasurer, 222 Cumberland-st., Sydney.
 Auckland (N.Z.) Local: C.T. Reeve, sec.-treasurer.

Queen's Buildings, Wellesley-street.
 Christchurch Local: S. Kingsford, sec.-treas., 8 Judd's Buildings, Christchurch, N.Z.

This organisation stands for industrial action only, and is not affiliated with any parliamentary party whatsoever, nor with any body other than an industrial organisation.

Revolution and Legality.

BY E. J. W. ALLEN.

THIS W.F.M. went in for parliamentary politics, it supported Democratic capitalist politicians—the Yankee equivalent to our Liberals—yet Haywood's trial brought to light the fact that police spies had been on the executive board, and held treasurerships and secretarieships of local unions coming within the jurisdiction of the W.F.M. Its members moved, like we shall, in the open light of day; there were no conspiracies for murder or dynamiting to be discovered, and all the police efforts to prove the contrary failed. There is the General Confederation of Labor of France, nearly a million strong, as an organisation absolutely declining to believe in ballot box action—an attitude we have never taken up—yet they have not been destroyed. They organise their strikes, carry on their revolutionary agitation—aye, these men carry the war right into the enemy's camp with their anti-militarist propaganda, thus breaking that very power of armed force which the capitalist relies on as a last argument. They grow, police spies, capitalist law and order cannot break them.

We have all the essentials for organisation, and should the capitalists suspend these and drive us underground they would be foolish.

Russian conditions would beget Russian retaliations, and even in Russia the autocracy has not been able to prevent Unions organising.

Of necessity, for some time to come, the action of the Union will be more or less confined within the realm of capitalist legality. Its agitation, education, and organisation will be carried on in the open light of day, day when it reaches the zenith of its power, like every other revolutionary movement, it will create its own legality. De Leon, the much quoted of our opponents, once wrote: "You cannot conceal your purpose from the enemy." That is true, and if you build up any Socialist lodge, in the real sense of the word, you must be organising to overthrow the existing constitution; in short, the whole of the political State.

The capitalist, to put a Socialist Union out of existence on the ground of its object being illegal, would have to put out every Socialist club and political party.

He dare not. He could not if he tried. The Union will use all expedient means to effect its purpose. It will organise inside the shell of the capitalist political State, and when full developed, like a chicken in an egg shell, will burst the political shell that threatens to render it abortive. As even Engels said in the preface to the Communist Manifesto, "the working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made machinery of the State and wield it to its own purpose." It must destroy the political State.

We say clearly what we are after.

There is no need at this late day to try to conceal our purpose.

Whatever the ruling class may do they cannot prevent our growth.

We want Socialism which means Revolution.

We stand firm and proclaim aloud: "The working-class revolution will move in the light of its own legality."

Concluded.

Ettor and Giovannitti.

BY K. BENEDICT.

The history of the working class shows a countless number of heroes who have died, been maimed, or banished from their native land, driven thence by the merciless capitalist's bludgeons. Fearless in fight, revolutionary in propaganda, Comrades Ettor and Giovannitti, whose only crime is that they resisted in the organising in the Textile workers, who, driven by hunger to revolt in an unorganised state, left themselves open to a disastrous defeat.

Our heroic comrades knew what would happen. They knew the treachery of the exploiting class, and expected they would use the same methods they had used against the Western Federation of Miners in their attempt to lay low Moyer, Heywood, and Tibbolls.

The Textile Workers, of Lawrence, ground down to below an animal existence—the biggest percentage of whom did not understand English, but were represented by about 30 different languages—decided to rely upon their very small craft organisation and revolted without funds or food.

Our Comrades, seeing their plight, began to organise them into the industrial union, meanwhile sending out a Clarion call for funds and food. The children were sent away to be received by Socialists, Anarchists, and all who were prepared to bear the burden of the struggling slaves. A committee of "Reds" soon had the mills picketed by a consolidated band of slaves, numbering about 40,000, who hammered at master's profit-pocket by demanding an increase instead of resisting a reduction. They demanded an increase of from 5 to 25 per cent.

The economic power of the workers proved too much for the boss, and he who is responsible for the "ethics" of our social system, went to it depths and brought an organised band of assassins who charged the picket line with fixed bayonets and loaded pistols, killing an Italian woman (Annie La Pizze) and wounding others, one of whom died as a result.

Although Ettor and Giovannitti were not present at this outrage, both were arrested and charged with being accessory to murder. Bail was blankly refused—a thing unknown unless it is a leader of working men who represent the slave class lies in a dunagon waiting to be convicted. Shall we see them go to the "Electric Chair like cattle to the shambles?" I you are human, if you realise that the fight of the American proletariat is the fight of their Australian comrades, then let your voice be heard. Let your pen protest. Remember that the representatives of Capitalism in America will not be allowed to kill these men if the workers say they must not. So protest and save our Comrades Ettor and Giovannitti.

The Socialist Postbag.

Dear Comrade,

As a subscriber to your paper, it is up to me to write to you once in a way. Perhaps some day I may be writing for the paper. Who knows? I have at different times noticed your appeals for assistance, and feel like a well never mind, not to be able to do my share. Fact is, my "Earthly Master" (God? bless him) forgets to hand it out to me. But before long I hope to be able to render some substantial assistance (monetary), as far as it is in the power of a lad, but at any rate I promise to make things hot, with the distribution of eight penny bundles of "The International." My regular copy passes to her hands, to my knowledge, after leaving mine. Of course, I don't approve of this practice if continually kept up, but there is a reason. One of these fine days, after an extra fine copy appears, this will cease, and I know they are too interested to let it drop. Result, well, you work that out by the rule of three, i.e., Investigation, Reason, Judgment—Subscription. Sounds like compulsory training, doesn't it?

I just managed by a freak of birth to wriggle out of the last batch of conscripts, but, from rumours going round, I fear (I don't think) that I will be included in the next herd. However, where the roll is called, it will be a case of "anybody here seen—?"

As to the Esperanto class, is it open to Socialists outside the Party or Club? For the benefit of others, who, perhaps, like myself, would like to know more about it, and if I am not taking too great a liberty in suggesting same, I think it would be advisable to publish particulars as to conditions, etc., likewise the athletic club.

Enclosed please find postal note, etc., for "The crime of conscription" and "The Red Laugh" as soon as to hand, also a cartoon with particulars attached.

Glad to see the paper improving so lately, especially the "Passing Show."

Yours, etc.,
 J. P.—r.

(J. P.'s letter is just as welcome as if it contained a substantial cheque. He is one of the rising generation who will carry on our work when our hands are cold and still. He will write for the paper, and draw for it too, for he "has the stuff in him." His cartoon will appear shortly, when readers of the "I. S." will see that another good worker is coming along. This is fast becoming the Acting-Editor's favourite column, for nowhere else does he seem to get so closely into touch with readers of the "I. S." If there are any more youths of the quality of J. P., let them write a few words to the paper, giving their views, and indicating how they can help the work along. We want an army of boy scouts who will work for Socialism, and who intend to devote some of their spare time during the rest of their lives to free other young men from the clutches of ignorance and superstition. The young ones can appeal to those of their own better than we old fellows can. J. P. should visit the Rooms, 37 Park-street, for all information re Esperanto, Athletic, and other classes. He will be heartily welcomed on sight.)

A.S.P. News & Notes.

National Executive.

Meeting of the A. Council, held at 115 Goulburn-street, August 3, 1912.

Delegates present:—Whitmore and James (Sydney), Druhmel (I.S. Club), McInnes (Clifton), Roche and Slade (Trustees), Jorgensen (Manager), Winspear (Acting Editor and Treasurer), Bowen (Balmmain), and Young (Leichhardt-Annandale).

Com. Whitmore elected Chairman. Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. Correspondence: From Broken Hill, asking for information re proposed alteration of Rule 16.

Resolved that the Barrier Branch be supplied with required information. Also that the manager prepare a statement to be forwarded to the branches.

From Leichhardt-Annandale Branch, notifying that Com. Young had been elected delegate to the National Executive.

From Bob. Bennett, S.A., on general matters.

From Melbourne Branch, re alteration of rule referendum, and asking for particulars.

Resolved that information asked for be supplied.

From F. E. S. Howison, re proposed alteration of rules.

Received, and resolved that a reply be forwarded.

Resolved that the matter of omitting I.W.W. advertisement from the paper stand over till next meeting.

Sydney.

Sunday turned out fine, and good meetings were held in the Domain in the afternoon, and at Market Street in the evening.

Com. James lectured, on short notice, at the Socialist Hall, 37 Park Street, on Sunday evening, taking for his subject "The Life and Work of Karl Marx." The lecture was very interesting throughout, and was warmly applauded at the close. Several questions were asked, and dealt with in an efficient manner.

On Saturday evening, August 10, the Branch will hold its first monthly social and dance, when a good programme is to be submitted.

Branch members are asked to pay August contributions, also 1/- levy, at their earliest convenience, in order that liabilities may be met.

Balmmain.

The usual meeting was held at Balmmain on Sunday evening. Comrade Nelson was chairman and Comrade Bowen the principle speaker.

Sunday night at Rozelle. Comrade Moore was chairman and Com. Sloan speaker.

A meeting will be held at Dick's hotel on Friday night when Com. Sloan will lecture on "Natural Selection."

A Social and Dance will be held at the Oddfellows' Hall, Darling-st. Balmmain, on Aug. 24. Tickets 1s. Ladies Free.

Newtown.

Thursday night last, Com. Slade and Mr. Bonner debated Freethought vs. Christianity, the subject being very ably dealt with. The anti-militarist meeting held on Sunday night was very successful, but we hope for a better attendance next time.

—ANNIE DUFFIELD, Sec.

Obituary.

Comrades and friends will regret to learn of the death of Comrade John Burns, of Newtown, who was run down by a train between Eveleigh and Redfern stations. The deceased was a staunch Socialist and a good comrade, and the "International Socialist" deeply sympathises with Mrs. Burns and family.

Brisbane.

Sunday 28th, Read lectured on "Wage Labour and Capital." It was Comrade Read's maiden effort, and he created a splendid impression. He gives every promise of being one of our best open air speakers, when we take to the street corner and the soap box. A very interesting discussion took place, and Comrade Read answered several questions in a satisfactory manner.

Our Sunday afternoon meetings are drawing good crowds. Our seating capacity is taxed to the utmost every Sunday, and we are thinking of getting more seating accommodation if our attendances keep up.

The lecture for Sunday, August 11th, "Unemployment, Its Cause and Cure."

Several of us journeyed to Ipswich on Saturday evening, to assist Comrade Easterabb in forming a branch there. Unfortunately the evening turned out wet, and we were unable to hold our meeting. But Comrade Easterabb means business, and make no mistake, we are going to capture the "City of Churches" for the party. It means a fight, but that is what we are looking for, and the greater the opposition, the stronger is our determination to win.

Address: Australasian Socialist Party's Room, Stanley Street, South Brisbane, opp. P.O. Edw. H. Brady, Sec.

Melbourne.

Report of branch activities commencing July Sat. 27. The weekly dance held in the rooms on Sat. evening was a great success, the amount taken as entrance fee, although not the largest, being £2 11s.

All present thoroughly enjoyed themselves and several strangers who were present for the first time, can be relied upon to patronise in future.

At the Yarra Bank meeting on Sunday, the debate between Mr. Lewis and A. Trott took place. There was a large attendance, J. R. Wilson dealing at the close with many of the statements made by Mr. Lewis, who declined to listen, not having forgotten the dressing down of the previous Sunday.

On Sunday evening S. P. Mottram gave an address at the party headquarters on the Labor Movement. His remarks were well received. Mr. Breen also spoke.

During the week the Choir met for practice as usual. There was a large attendance and some solid practice on the part of all present.

On Friday, midday, the usual propaganda meeting was held at Moores Timber Yard. This meeting continues to improve in every respect, and it is expected, if the company do take steps to prohibit the Socialists from addressing their employees, the place will become a veritable Temple of the Revolution. A large number of copies of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST were distributed.

Tickets are now on sale for the third monthly dance which will be held as usual at the Protestant Hall, Exhibition Street, on Aug. 19. Those who are fond of dancing are requested to patronise same and thereby provide us with more revenue for the carrying on of our work. Tickets can be obtained by applying to D. O'Shea. Make a note of this and bring your friends along.

On Friday evening Comrades Smart and Wilson were the speakers at the South Melbourne meeting. Both received an attentive hearing. The same evening G. Hyslop journeyed to Collingwood, but, unfortunately, the other speakers did not put in an appearance and no meeting was held, although a large number of copies of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST were disposed of amongst those who assembled in anticipation.

J. R. WILSON, Sec.

Socialist Publishing and Jobbing Plant.

During the week the following amounts have been received on account:

H. L. Denford 1s, F. J. Riley 2s, J. W. Roche 2s, A. James 2s, J. Arday 2s, H. Dierks 1s, W. Johns 1s, 6d, A. Reeves 2s, 6d, E. Wagner 3s, A. Watehouse 1s, J. Homer 2s, 6d, F. Dunker 2s, J. C. Peters £1, Jaem 5s, A. McInnes 2s, 6d, D. Norton 1s, A.S.P. Melb. 5s. Total for week, £2 16s, 6d.

Total to date, £18 6s, 6d.

Press and Maintenance Fund.

Already acknowledged, £16 11s 3d. Collected at Club Social, 8s 6d; Miller 1s, Armitage 1s, A. G. Dickens Combing, Q. 1s, M. Schaeffer Cairns, Q. 1s, J. Corbett 1s. Total, £18 6s 7d.

Sydney Propaganda Fixtures.

SATURDAY.

Rozelle—M. Moore, Willis, Talbot, Rutherford, Leichhardt—Young, Knight, Quinton, Hokin, Newtown—Duffield, Walsh, Martin, Bathurst-street—Candrew Cair, Roche, James.

SUNDAY.

Domain—Quinton (chair), Roche, Riley, James, and Rutherford.
 Market-street—Green (chair), Slade, Brown, James, Quinton.
 Goulburn-street—Cassell, Whitmore, Jones, Riley, Balmmain—Talbot, Willis, Talbot, Bowen, Moore, Newtown—Martin, Duffield, Walsh, Socialist H. H. Park-st., Com. Willis lectures on "Defence" Chairman Denford.
 Sunday Aug. 18, Com. Riley lectures on the "World's Revolutions."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21.

Mr. Sphinx lectures on "Anarchy."

International Socialist Club.

A Dance and Social will be held on Friday, Aug. 16. Members only.

K. G. Druhmel, Sec.

"The Crime of Conscription"

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

Price 3d, post paid; per dozen, 2s.

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